

Mica

SJQ

I wanted to remember my mica
You helped me again to think of the unthinkable things
 Made my arms hurt so bad I would happily forget
Youre surprised at what you go throughAs if no one ever told you
 (On your own feet, your own feet stand)
 (Not to wallow in heartache)Ive done more than I would like to
 But its not all that I can do
 (You gotta get out of bed, into it)
 When even your bad luck runs out
Not to wallow in self-pitying pathetic dreamsYou know what I mean?
 She worked hard to be his novice
 And then broke into his office
 (With her clothes off, her clothes off still)
(Not to wallow in heartache)Amor, settle for a small dart if you cant find it in your heart
 But theres a big noise from her chest
 Let me do the talking, now that Im here
Youll steal all the attention anywayCause something about you compels me to feel
 That a glued together vase is still a vase
 (Not to wallow in heartache)

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